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[For the New National Era.]

The Province of Biography.

BY WILLIAM E. MATTHEWS.

Biography is the gallery in which we place the moral and intellectual pictures of great lives, of prophets, philosophers, poets, orators, historians, martyrs, artists, artisans, those knightly spirits, heroes and sages, who, in their lives and works, have thrown their best effort of brain, their best impulse of heart, their blood, their toil, their soul, their strength, their love, their patriotism, and their inspiration into the grand fund of the world's greatness, and by their achievements have made the world better and brighter, healthier and happier.

The life of a truly great man is the property of all mankind, and is an event which ever marks an historic period in the world's history.

We need it as a help, a discipline; it will impart to those who seek its influence the love for the beautiful, the disposition to uprightness, the enthusiasm for high achievement, a devotion to duty; it will steady one's faith in themselves; it will give the clear head, the feeling heart, the pious philosophy, and, above all, the strength and inspiration of that religion which the bravest and best are indeed pitiable without.

Biography differs from history in this: History has reference to the development of principles, biography of character. History is the great panorama of human progress and destiny, which excites sometimes our admiration and applause, and frequently our horror and disgust, according as virtue or crime, barbarism or civilization are placed before us, but always with advantage to ourselves; for, as Lamartine tells us, "History knows all things, teaches all things, not in winged words which strike the ear without impressing the mind, but in great and striking actions. It makes us impassioned and enthusiastic sharers in the scenes of the past, filling our eyes with tears and making our hearts palpitate with emotion." Biography takes a human life and traces it with its manifold efforts, warrings, defeats, triumphs, sorrows, and joys which fill one's life from the cradle to the grave. As an independent branch of literature it dates its origin far back to the dim, misty twilight of early civilization, and commenced its march side by side with history. Some of the most thrilling narratives of the Old Testament, those of Ruth and Joseph, for instance, are biographies.

But the strong word I wish to say for biography is this: That in no way can the great lessons of history be taught to us so well and so grandly as by its influence. All history is made up of a small number of dominant facts, which "overtop history as lofty mountain chains divide and overlook continents," and these facts are fixed in our memory, not so much by the perusal of musty volumes of days long agone as by the well-told story of a noble life. Charts, maps, and chronology may be good, but the lesson taught us in the warm, earnest life of a *man* touches us and thrills us as cold dates and figures cannot. What we want is not the frigid algebra of history so much as the brightly-painted drama of actual life.

When the name of an illustrious person is mentioned we recall rather an act, an event, than a person. Alexander the Great, on his expedition into Asia and Africa, scatters broadcast the seed of Grecian civilization and morals; Julius Cæsar's huge work is thrown on the canvas of the world's greatness, and we wonder at the vastness of his enterprise, subjugading the Gauls and extending the blessing of human government over the whole extent of Western Europe; Charlemagne, Emperor of the West and King of France, impressing his identity upon the times in which he lived as one of those rare souls who are sent to us from time to time to change the map of the world and inaugurate a new era in the destinies of mankind, grasping the tottering atoms of the fuedal world and forming them into the order and discipline of imperial unity; Columbus, the "path-finder" to a world where the great problem of free government was to be successfully worked out; Napoleon, dazzling the world with the splendor of his achievements, and writing his name high as one of the great captains of history, shattering dynasties, crumbling states, and leaving a black gulf between our present and our past—these are the grand figures which loom up in history and impress with their personal greatness the centuries in which they lived and all the ages which are to come.

Biography improves something more than the mind; it goes deeper and touches with a delicate and sweet-scented influence the heart, the great motive power of all progress. Whatever moves one long and deeply elevates and purifies. All that softens improves. Moral beauties, shining out like a benediction, are displayed, and thus displayed many are forced to look, to worship, and imitate: and thus is biography made history, for by a subtile link of association, which we cannot, if we would, disunite, the two assimilate as the coming together of waters. The name of Columbus at once brings to memory Isabella of Spain and this Western World of ours. Cæsar mounts the stage of life and plays his grand part, and ever after our idea of him is associated with the Roman Empire. The Man Christ is born, and evermore we behold not only him, but the gleam from the thousand camp-fires of Christianity, to which he applied the torch, and which have since burned and blazed and diffused their light and warmth over a world, above which may be discerned the outlines of the highway He cast up for us. Luther stands not so much for himself as for the stout and vigorous battle he waged for Christian liberty and progress. And so we might proceed indefinitely—Washington for liberty, Clarkson for abolition, Wesley for Methodism, Theodore Parker and Beecher as the two types of New England religious thought and culture, Sumner for statesmanship, Lincoln for emancipation, and John Brown as the embodiment of American conscience, whose warmth of soul melted the shackles not only of American bondmen, but the world over.

This is what I understand to be the mission of biography; not only to store the mind, but reach the heart; to place in our memory, there to stand forever, the images of good and great men, and teach that lesson the world so sadly needs, that—

"Thou must be true thyself
If thou the truth would teach;
Thy soul must overflow if thou
Another soul wouldst reach.
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.
Think truly, and thy thoughts
Will the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Will be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life will be
A great and noble creed."

Organization of the Law School at Lincoln University.

The 22d of February was a day of rejoicing and congratulation at this institution.

A law class was formed last September; lectures have been delivered by distinguished gentlemen at the bar, viz: the Hon. J. J. Lewis, of New York, J. S. Futhey and J. J. Pinkerton, Esqrs., of Westchester, Pennsylvania, but with no formal organization of the department; the day above mentioned was set apart for this purpose.

At half-past ten o'clock the students of the several departments assembled in the chapel, together with many zealous friends of the University, among whom were J. M. Dickey, D. D.; J. C. Turner, and T. M. C. Dickey, Esqrs.; General E. M. Gregory, United States Marshal at Philadelphia, and many more advocates of universal education.

President Isaac N. Kendall, D. D., opened the exercises with prayer. After which J. M. Dickey, D. D., President of Board of Trustees, delivered the opening address in a manner that could not but leave a deep impression upon all who heard him. It appeared from the expressive countenances of the audience that they eagerly desired to hear from members of the law class. Their anticipated hope of an intellectual treat was realized in a way that not only bespeaks a bright future for those who participated, but they laid the corner-stone of this department at Lincoln University on the memorable birthday of George Washington. And, like the growth of America, through the unerring philanthropy of its citizens, we behold a commonwealth which has no equal in the nineteenth century. And we have all reason to believe that the law school at this institution, with the combined influence of its unceasing friends and the continual blessings of God, is a success. The first speaker of the law class was Mr. F. J. Grimke, of South Carolina, a graduate from the college, who arose, with a calm and deliberate air, with an expression not of bold assurance, but as one seriously contemplating his coming duty as a defender of right and justice before the American law. His theme was—"The profession of law a means to justice." Mr. Grimke's address, for its logic, reasoning, and depth of thought, demands an appreciation from every intelligent mind. Perhaps an acute physiologist with keen perception might have noticed a tint of excitement; were it so, it would be natural for a young speaker. He was eloquent. His arguments were capable of crowning the most intelligent mind, calculated to arouse every feeling to his aid. The following are his closing remarks, followed by applause seldom witnessed in popular assemblies: "As an American, I am proud to see this day, not only because it commemorates the birth of George Washington, the illustrious Father of his Country, but because henceforth it must commemorate the inauguration of this law school at Lincoln University; which law school, if it increases at the ratio with which the college has increased, is destined to rise and expand until, like the sun in his course, every eye shall behold it, and every tongue throughout the remotest bounds of this country acknowledge its power as a means of good. Fifty years hence, when the desolate and waste places of the South shall be built up; when her demolished cities and villages shall again rise; when her waters shall be dotted with ships bearing the commodities of every nation; when her railroads, like the electric telegraph, shall link her with the northern, eastern, and western parts of our country; when all of her sons and daughters shall be able to testify as to the power of education and religion to refine and elaborate; and when justice, unadulterated, immortal, and instinctive through the instrumentality of good, competent lawyers, shall sit enthroned in every tribunal; and when the voices of the graduates of this law school shall be heard in the National Council and throughout the length and breadth of this great Republic, upholding truth and justice, advocating the cause of the poor, the weak, the down-trodden, the oppressed; yea, when, by the combined influence of the graduates of every law school, in the words of an eminent Christian lawyer, 'the halls of justice shall become temples of the Most High'—then, if not now, society, the country, and the world will recognize the fact that the profession of law is beneficial and a powerful means to secure justice, and that law schools, as well as colleges and theological seminaries, ought to be established and sustained!"

The next speaker was Mr. A. H. Grimke, of South Carolina, also a graduate from the college. His theme was—"Law necessary for the preservation of property." He discussed the subject in a manner that perhaps would have given credit to one experienced in the profession. There was not that force of eloquence which characterized the previous speaker—not because there was any want of it—the argument of his theme was addressed particularly to the intelligence, which left his theme highly unfavorable to eloquence. One peculiarity of the speaker, in his longest sentences there were clearness and fulness of intonation and all the delicacy of smooth inflection. There was no vociferous outcry characteristic to a speaker when he has lost possession of himself, but on the contrary he filled the most distant ear without jarring that of his nearest auditor. On resuming his seat there was evidently a manifestation of high appreciation of his address. Other brief addresses were made by distinguished gentlemen—J. C. Turner, Esq., General Gregory, and others.

M. L.

Letter from Raleigh, N. C.

RALEIGH, N. C., February 16, 1871.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

In the House to-day (Thursday) Mr. French, Republican, introduced a bill to provide for an Assistant Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State, and named for the position Rev. John W. Hood, (colored.) Mr. French said that inasmuch as the other side (Democratic) had expressed themselves in favor of having a colored man for the position, he would name Mr. Hood for it; that he omitted to insert the word colored because his Republican friends, especially the colored members, entertained serious objections to the word "colored" being inserted in any enactment of the General Assembly. The Democrats, through Mr. Robinson, moved to strike out the name of Mr. Hood and insert that of Hon. Thos. A. Sykes, of Pasquatank county. This was done as a direct insult to Mr. Sykes, and to defeat the bill and prevent the colored people from having a representative in the Department of Public Instruction. The colored leader, Mr. Mabson, (a recent graduate in law at Howard University) led off in a practical, common sense speech, opposing the amendment. During his remarks he said that if Mr. Sykes (who is a member) accepted this offered insult it was a matter with Mr. Sykes and his constituency; but, in undertaking to speak for the colored people, he hurled it back to the filthy "bung-hole" of Democracy, from whence it was born and raised. Mr. Sykes was totally incompetent, and the House knew it. "If you mean to provide for this office fill it with a man, even though he be a Democrat, that has the ability to fill it." The bill was laid upon the table, and this is another indication that the Democracy is opposed to education among the colored people.

The General Assembly have passed a bill to order an election for members of the Constitutional Convention. The bill authorizes the Governor to issue a proclamation for the same. He (the Governor) having no veto power, has refused to comply with the act, and sent a long message to the Senate yesterday, where the bill originated. The message has created more confusion than anything that has occurred here, save the impeachment trial. The Democrats caucused Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and have agreed (so rumor has it) to bring in articles of impeachment against the Lieutenant Governor for refusing to comply with the law. The action of Governor Coldwell is sustained by the entire Supreme Court bench, and the Republicans of this city have held three large mass meetings sustaining his action. The message was a regular "bombshell;" and whether it hurt or not, it made a mighty scattering among the faithful.

The trial of the Governor (Holden) is progressing slowly. The managers are now examining witnesses on the eighth and last article of impeachment. Josiah Turner, editor of the *Sentinel*, and king of the Ku-Klux Klan, was examined yesterday. To-day John B. Neathery, the private clerk of the Governor, is upon the stand.

Your correspondent had an interview with Governor Coldwell yesterday; during which the Governor said that he did not intend to violate his oath, nor subserve the constitution; that he had been fully advised of the unconstitutionality of the convention, and would not issue his proclamation because of this. He was firm in his position, and has proved by his action that he has the old Andrew Jackson ring about him when treason and traitors are plotting the overthrow of constitutional law.

ANON.

A. T. Stewart as He Is.

A New York correspondent writes: "I notice that a defence of A. T. Stewart has been going the rounds of the press, in which he is eulogized for his ability, culture, and especially for the girls' lodging-house now being erected at his expense in Thirty-third street and Fourth avenue. It seems quite right to defend a man from malicious and scandalous assaults, which are in too many cases excited by the circumstance of his being wealthy and holding a prominent position before the public, but I fear much that has been said against the great dry goods millionaire is well-founded. Of his ability there is not the least question. He has a most wonderful memory, and is said to know the quantity and price of goods in every department of his two huge stores, so that he can tell exactly when he is carrying too large a stock of any kind. His executive talent is also remarkable, as well as his grasp of minute matters, though as a rule he gives his leading assistants *carte blanche* in executing his orders in detail. Yet at the same time, while all of these men respect his intellect, they do not feel any regard for him personally, and his subordinates generally bear no love for him. This is because Stewart has no bowels of compassion, but treats men like machines, getting the most possible work out of them without regard to consequence. He pays good salaries to his chief men, but mere pittances to others, who are kept under an iron discipline all the time. But the only test of a man's actions are his motives, and according to indisputable authority Stewart is a man with an insatiable ambition for self-advancement. He would be the first merchant in the metropolis of America, and leave behind a name that will not be forgotton. Hence even those who are disposed to view his course most tolerantly say that they are convinced that his lodging-house donation, the Hempstead city, and Stewart's other schemes, are intended, first, for his individual aggrandizement, and are only secondarily philanthropic. Stewart was much disappointed at not being made Secretary of the Treasury, and felt the defeat keenly. He expected to do a vast deal of good by getting that office, and had he been able to hold his own against the politicians would no doubt have cleaned out the Augean stables of the New York Custom-house, with whose corruption he is acquainted. It is much to be regretted that he could not make the experiment, but the facts directed otherwise. Stewart is honest, according to the business definition of the word, but it is his worst trait that he will not brook rivalry and will use every means to crush out competitors. There have been numberless cases where he has put down all his prices, and borne a heavy loss, so as to destroy a rival in trade, and he will do this without the least compunction. He seems to have a gnawing jealousy of competition, and shows a despicable spirit in this respect. He does not go much into society, but has a small circle of friends with whom he is free spoken, though at other times absorbed by his own thoughts. He does not care for money except as a means to an end. He is fond of art, and has considerable culture. If he will carry out his vast plans for public good, we may almost excuse his personal defects, but his name should not be spoken in the same breath with Peter Cooper, Vassar, Cornell, or Peabody, and other really disinterested philanthropists.

In the Cold, Cold Ground.

Mr. Stoughton's report on Union Cemeteries shows that the whole number of interments in them is 309,225, and that the cost up to March last was $3,112,209. The Government has not been able to obtain the record-title to the cemetary at Andersonville, which embraces about forty-three acres of land, worth in its original state from three to five dollars per acre. Over $25,000 have been expended in improving and decorating the grounds. It was originally established by the rebel authorities for the burial of the Union prisoners confined in the prison pen near Andersonville. The interments at this place number 13,717 bodies, most of whom were victims of a systematic barbarity without a parallel in the annals of civilized warfare.

The Arlington cemetery is situated on what is known as the Arlington estate, the property for many years of the late George Washington Park Custis, who bequeathed it to Custis Lee, the oldest son of his daughter, the wife of General Robert E. Lee, of the rebel army. Custis Lee was also a rebel officer. The property was in the possession of the insurgents until our army crossed the Potomac, early in the war, when it was taken possession of by the Union troops. It was subsequently appropriated to the use of the Government as a cemetery for Union soldiers, and the interments now number 15,209. It is estimated that the Government has expended $231,000 in its improvement. During the rebellion the estate was sold for arrearages of taxes, and the United States became the purchaser.

The title, in the opinion of the committee, is perhaps cumulative, but the ownership of the Government does not depend upon its validity. That the conqueror has a right to take so much of the conquered territory as may be necessary for cemeteries, forts, and arsenals is too clear to admit of controversy. This right is fully recognized by all writers on international law. The land may also revert to the original owner when it is no longer required for the use of the State; but in case of a cemetery it is evident that such a time can never come. The object for which it was taken is lasting as time, and utterly precludes the possibility of any reversion.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

ITS SIXTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

CELEBRATION BY PROMINENT COLORED CITIZENS.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL CLUB.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

Day before yesterday, 12th of February, was the sixty-second anniversary of the birthday of our martyr-President. Regularly each year the Lincoln Memorial Club, of prominent colored citizens, holds its annual meeting on this sacred anniversary. Owing to the 12th coming on Sunday this year, the meeting was held last evening, at the residence of T. N. C. Liverpool, Esq., 101 Park street.

The members of the Club gathered early, and spent the first part of the evening in conversation. After supper, the President, Mr. Thos. C. Ball, proceeded to read the regular toasts, which were responded to in good style by the members.

TOASTS.

1. Honest Abraham Lincoln—His true monument is building neither at Washington nor Springfield, but all over the country; it is rising higher and higher as the colored race climbs from the degradation of slavery to enlightenment and virtue.

RESPONSE BY MR. WILLIAM P. WEST.

The comparison suggested by this sentiment is pre-eminently the right of him in honor of whose birth we have assembled.

We have but to look back ten years, to when he was called the first time to the Executive Chair, to recall the time when we were in the continued endurance of the oppression of centuries. The gloom which had hung over us like a pall was thickened by the rebellion, in the magnitude of which the fate of the nation was suspended, quivering for life, with us as the pulse.

It was an hour in which the elements of justice, civilization, and human rights were opposed in deadly conflict with injustice, barbarity, and oppression.

The decision of that moment made Lincoln illustrious, distinguishing his humanity above that of every other statesman of his own or any other land. The nation will not grow good and wise without recognizing in this act their greatest glory.

The subsequent introduction of legislative measures, by which society is being reconstructed, gives the most encouraging prospects of this goodness and this wisdom. Humanity is in the ascendant, dispelling the depression under which countless numbers endured untold and inexpressible suffering. Every additional good that comes from that reconstruction is an additional memorial to Lincoln, and the nation at large, and ourselves in particular, have his memory that much dearer to us.

Very appropriately the place where he was assassinated and the place of his burial have been chosen as localities to erect to his memory monuments, in the construction of which so much time and so much treasure may be expended as to distinguish them above all other monuments as much as he distinguished himself above other men; but, by as much as that work is perishable and truth is enduring, by so much is the greater durability with which generation after generation will bind to their hearts the memorial affection for America's liberator, honest Abraham Lincoln.

2. President Grant—The honest pilot, who is guiding the Ship of State safely over the shoals of reconstruction. May his hand long be at the helm.

Response by Mr. J. P. Ball.

3. The American Flag—The banner of beauty and glory. Beautiful ever to the loyal sons of the Republic; hateful only to traitors. It has seen dark hours, may see them again; but ever at the darkest moment there will arise some Sheridan "to save the day."

Response by A. S. Thomas, who recited in fine style "Sheridan's Ride."

4. John Brown—He struck the rock of slavery, and the sweet waters of liberty gushed, which we quaff to-day.

"Whether on the scaffold high, or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die is where he dies for man."

RESPONSE BY MRS. THOMAS C. BALL.

The decade just closed presents a pleasing contrast to the one preceding it, and has been characterized by grand and glorious results in our country.

To the noble men who have battled so heroically in the cause of humanity, and whose labors have been crowned with such brilliant success, we owe a debt of gratitude beyond our power to repay. That which should be awarded the fullest meed of praise is that moral heroism which imitates a movement in favor of human information.

The claims of those who are justly entitled to this position are frequently ignored, and honors which they merit are often accredited to those who were simply the executors of their higher and nobler conception.

Among the many who engaged so earnestly in the crusade against slavery, there is no name that is more justly entitled to lasting fame than that of the heroic old man who dared to grapple with the monster in its stronghold, and thus strike a blow for liberty, the effects of which were felt throughout our entire land. When we view it as the culmination of a life's labor in the same struggle, we have greater cause for our admiration of the character of John Brown. "He followed neither Garrison nor Seward, Gerrit Smith nor Wendell Phillips; but the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence. He believed in human brotherhood, and the god of battles. He admired Nat Turner, the negro patriot, equally with George Washington, the white American deliverer."

The purity of his life and his high conception of Christian duty were such that he recognized no human law which protected wrong; hence in the Kansas war, as in the subsequent organization of the Virginia raid, he was conscious of the violation of no law.

This, the grand historic event of his checquered life, is fresh in the memory of us all.

In view of the circumstances surrounding it, this must be regarded as the entering wedge which had for its sequence the ultimate destruction of slavery in our country.

Unselfish, and devoted to the cause of right for right's sake, this brave old man sacrificed all temporal rewards; and though his death was that of a condemned felon, may we not indulge a hope that his spirit in its onward flight through the regions of celestial bliss watches with exultation the completion of the work which was so dear to him? It is meet that we should emulate his virtues, profit by his example, and keep alive the memory of his heroic deeds.

5. Our absent members—Arnold, Beaty, Ball and Corbin; we wish them all well, and admonish Corbin, who has become an "Arkansaw traveler," whether it stops raining or not, to teach the natives the entire melody of the Union, of which they have learned but a part.

RESPONSE BY MR. T. N. C. LIVERPOOL.

The following is an abstract from Mr. Liverpool's speech:

"Both Beaty and Arnold joined the Union army at the earliest period colored men were allowed to do so, and remained among their country's defenders until victory was won.

"There were numerous motives which prompted men to enlist in the army during the rebellion. Some became soldiers because they were out of work and the army offered them employment; others volunteered with the hope of receiving high-sounding titles; while there was still another class who defended the American flag for the large bounties which were paid. But our absent members did not join the army for either one of these reasons. The motives which prompted them was nobler, and more honorable than all these combined. They shouldered the United States musket because they loved the Union and did not want it overthrown, and because they hated slavery and desired to assist in striking the shackles from the limbs of four million human beings. For these reasons—and only these—they and many others swelled the Union ranks.

"Mr. President, men of wealth may give thousands of dollars for the advancement of a cause, and by reason of their liberality receive the impetus which drives it forward to success; yet there will be some, even among the warmest friends of the movement, who will refuse to award them praise on the ground that their wealth was such that they did not feel what they gave. But, sir, when men come forward and offer their lives as a sacrifice for a cause, and brave death a hundred times for its sake, they feel it, and the friends of that cause, without exception, will hail them as heroes, worthy of the highest honor and praise evermore.

"This, sir, is just what Beaty and Arnold did. If you could hear them tell of the many hairbreadth escapes which they had, in the desperate and bloody encounter between liberty and slavery, union and disunion, as I have, you would conclude that they wore, like Macbeth, charmed lives, which could not be destroyed by man of woman born, or that the Great Omnipotent flung his protecting arm around them, and decreed that no harm should befall them. Such is their record, and it entitles them to, and they are sure to receive, the best wishes and plaudits of every lover of liberty and union. Long may they live and enjoy the fruit they helped gather."

After making other remarks, he said: "We miss from this festive board to-night that intellectual giant, that walking encyclopedia—of course, Mr. President and gentlemen, you know I refer to J. C. Corbin, who has at last found his level; following the calling for which he is so eminently fitted—editing a newspaper. We have pointed with pride to Revels as being the first colored man who ever occupied a seat in the United States Senate, and to Wright as being the first to fill a seat upon the bench of the Supreme Court; so also ought we with pride point to Corbin as being the first called to assist in editing an influential daily journal owned and controlled exclusively by whites. It is the opening of another avenue, hitherto closed against us, which leads to wealth, renown and influence. My knowledge of Corbin warrants me in predicting that in a half-score of years his name will be fitly associated with those of the most eminent journalists in this country.

"He is emphatically an Arkansas traveler. The natives of that State, who 'know but part of the melody of the Union,' will do well to pass the fiddle over to Corbin, who will willingly teach them the entire song; and if they will follow his lead, 'whether it is raining or not,' it will not be long before they will be able to sing harmoniously, and even enthusiastically, that old song which swells the soul of every lover of equal rights and union—the John Brown song.

"Taken as a whole, our absent members, Beaty, Arnold, Ball, and Corbin, are men of mark, some of whom will leave names which will be remembered and revered long after they are gathered to their fathers."

6. Our Brethren in the South—They have passed through the Red Sea of war, and are now wandering in the wilderness beyond, beset by dishonest carpet-baggers, Ku-Klux, Democrats, and the devil. Be of good cheer. You shall yet enter into the promised land.

Response by Mr. George M. Arnold.

7. Hon. J. H. Rainey, our Member from South Carolina—The first of a long procession of colored Congressmen. May "the line stretch out till the crack of doom."

RESPONSE BY MR. SAMUEL W. CLARK.

Gentlemen of the Lincoln Memorial Club: At the last annual meeting of this club I had the honor of responding to the toast offered in honor of the first colored Senator, Hiram R. Revels. It was with pleasure that I responded then, but I can assure you it is with more pleasure that I respond now in honor of J. H. Rainey, the first colored Representative; not because my trail of argument will be only slightly changed, but because it is significant of a realization of the sentiment expressed by a portion of this toast: "The first of a long procession of colored Congressmen."

It is necessary for me to allude at this time to the educational qualifications of this man and the manner in which they were attained by him; for too well do we already know the story of the negro student in the South during those days when the Republic was cursed and blighted by that most abominable institution—American slavery.

I consider the filling of a seat in the House of Representatives of far greater import than the filling of a seat in the Senate chamber; not that I consider the duties and responsibilities of a Senator inferior to those of a Representative, or that the position is one of fewer honors; but in this—the Senator does not go to the Senate chamber directly from the people, but indirectly through the votes of the Legislature, and it is possible that a Senator may be elected by political trickery in the Legislature; but the Representative goes directly from the people, and with a full consciousness of being the people's choice.

In this manner did J. H. Rainey go to the House of Representatives, and in this same manner is he being followed by other colored men; and may he not only be followed by colored men from the South, but may the time soon come when colored men will be sent from every State in the Union, and may our own State not be the last on the list.

The fact of J. H. Rainey being elected to fill the vacancy caused by the compulsory resignation of one of the "superior race"—who used his office for corrupt purposes—over a white competitor, is an evidence of the high esteem in which he is held, and also a measure of the confidence placed in the negro.

May the name of Rainey never be tarnished as the name of Whittemore is. May his public and private life be such that in years to come, when the list will have numbered hundreds, the negro can point to the name of Rainey, the first colored Representative, with the same pride that the American citizen points to the name of Washington, the first President of the Republic.

8. The Cotton Crop of 1870—The chivalry say the negro won't work, and everybody knows the chivalry won't work, yet here in the year 1870 are 3,800,000 bales of cotton planted, picked, ginned, and baled. Evidently the age of miracles has not passed.

RESPONSE BY MR. J. C. CORBIN.

Comrades of the Lincoln Memorial Club of Cincinnati: In ancient times the question was asked, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" The question stands to-day not as an indication of the men who asked it, but as an evidence of the gross darkness which covered the minds of a people whose pride of race had been cultivated to the injury of humanity. A similar pride of race in modern times prompts the inquiry, "Can any good come out of Africa?" The matter was submitted to experiment, and lo! it was found that there is good in the negro, actual good by weight and by measure, and the negro stepped into freedom with a musket in his hand and a knapsack on his back. The good in the negro rendered reconstruction possible.

The latest phase of the old question is an arithmetical one: Given five millions of negroes, what is their cash value?

The statistician goes round and finds that here and there a negro has raised a bale of cotton. He counts all the bales and finds the amount 3,800,000. He estimates the total weight at two billions of pounds, which at the market price yields $190,000,000 as the annual cash value of the negro.

9. Dickens and Dumas—They have left two vacant thrones. Who will dare to claim the heirship?

RESPONSE BY MR. A. J. ANDERSON.

GENTLEMEN—The toast to which I have the honor of responding, instead of calling up happy thoughts and pleasing associations, is better calculated to awaken the saddest emotions of the heart, and suggests with unusual emphasis the old sepulchral adage, "Death is the common leveler of mankind."

Since our last annual meeting, the reading world has been startled with the announcement of the death of Charles Dickins, and still later of Alexander Dumas, which was no doubt more severely felt in the special department of literature to which they belonged than the loss of any writers since the days of Sir Walter Scott or Washington Irving. Both possessed the most extraordinary powers, and achieved, each after his own fashion, an imperishable fame.

The parallels and points of resemblance between them are not seen beyond the fact that they began and ended public life contemporaneously, and that the career of each commenced with nothing save the best of all stimulants to genius—poverty.

They both had depth, brilliance, versatality, and a most profound comprehension of human nature, with which they soon won their way to popularity and distinction.

Years ago, when "Boz" became noted as the famous Pickwick Papers, his swarthy compeer was only then enjoying the fresh laurels of his first literary production, a weird and intensely sensational drama entitled, "*Paris par Nuit.*" After this followed his "Henri II," and other plays, in rapid succession, until finally his reputation as the first of living French writers was established.

The prolific capacity of Dumas' brain was simply marvelous. In proof of this, the number of his works in regular catalogue show that he wrote more than Shakspear, Scott, and Dickens united, being no less than four hundred and twenty volumes of novels, criticisms, essays, histories, scientific disquisitions, &c., and six hundred and thirteen plays. As a further evidence of his mental fecundity, continuous application and physical endurance, many here will recall to mind a fact which I am about to relate, which was brought to light several years ago, in a suit instituted by M. Beauchamp & Co., leading publishers in Paris, when it was shown beyond question that he actually had five different stories in progress at once for simultaneous publication in the daily papers. Leibnitz, whom Henry Rogers, the English poet and essayist, called the most wonderful man of any age, never did anything half so astonishing as this.

It is to be feared that this boundless fertility and elasticity have tended to lessen the general idea of Dumas' powers, and to cast an air of tentative experiment and rash adventure over many of his works. Had he written few books and concentrated himself upon some grand topic, his fame had now been equally wide and much more solid than it is.

But whatever may be thought of Dumas' style and other peculiarities as a writer, all admit that he possessed originality, and originality in any department of the fine arts is what the world calls genius.

Time, the crucible, which separates the pure gold from the dross, and through which every thing worthy shall live, will determine the precise value of the great author's labors, and the claim of his name to immorality.

The most popular of his writings are the "Memoirs of a Physician," "The Count of Monte Cristo," "The Three Guardsmen," and "The Queen's Necklace." The last is a thrilling illustration of the politico-social influences of the time of Louis XV, which were so direct in bringing about that terrible period in France known as the Revolution of 1789, or "the reign of terror."

Now, of the great English author my time will not allow me to say much. To the general reader his name is more familiar than household words, and certainly no praise of ours will add the weight of a feather to the greatness of his reputation.

To Dickens will be assigned a niche among the reformers of England. His fictions were always secondary to a higher ulterior purpose, which, like the old parables and Greek fables, were intended not so much to amuse the fancy as to instruct the heart. He lived, and by his labors his fellow-creatures were benefited and the world made better by them. What a noble ambition to live for! What a glorious epitaph for the dead!

10. The Heathen Chinese—"Thou shalt not oppress the stranger, for ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of bondage."

Response by Mr. Peter H. Clark.

11. Our Citizen Soldiers—In peace, our support; in war, our defence; at all time our pride.

Response by Mr. Powhatan Beaty.

12. The Ladies—God bless them.
Response by Jered Carey.

The following toast was sent to the Lincoln Memorial Club at Little Rock, Arkansas:

Lincoln, the Emancipator—May his memory be revered while the sun shines, grass grows, and water runs.

To which this reply was sent:

"Abraham Lincoln—He caught the echoes of the old Liberty Bell, sounding in his ear 'Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, and unto all the inhabitants thereof,' and under their inspiration wrote the first President's message to black men—the Proclamation of Emancipation; to his fame as a statesman and glory as a patriot malice could not but yield the crown of a martyr, and thereby insure him the highest place in the regard of future ages."

The speeches the following officers were selected for the next year:

President, Mr. William P. West.
Vice President, Mr. T. N. C. Liverpool.
Treasurer, A. J. Anderson.
Recording Secretary, P. H. Clark.
Corresponding Secretary, Mr. T. N. C. Liverpool.
Keeper of Archives, Mr. Samuel W. Clark.
Librarian, Mr. J. P. Ball.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Joseph C. Corbin.

After arranging for the proper observance of the anniversary of the assassination of President Lincoln, the Club adjourned.

THE New York *Times* says: If any lesson has been taught by both our war and by the present one, it is that the best service that the defenders of invaded territory can render to invaders is to shut up large masses of their men in fortresses, and let them stand a siege. The great object of the invader is always to get hold of the enemy's fighting men, and capture or destroy them. If he has to march after them, hither and thither, and try to overwhelm them by the skillfulness of his manœuvring he labors under an enormous disadvantage. The population is hostile to him; his communications are in constant peril; his supplies, and, above all, his ammunition, have to be drawn from great distances; his knowledge of the country is necessarily imperfect; and the defenders have it in their power, owing to the long range of modern arms, to throw up earthworks anywhere in a single night, which, stoutly defended, may bar the march of any army for a week. Nothing, therefore, can better suit the necessities of the invader's position than that his enemy should throw themselves in great bodies into fortified towns, where he can sit down around them, accumulate depots, house himself, and make himself generally comfortable, and wait for the effects of his presence on the industry of the country and on the spirits of the people, and finally for the effect of famine and repeated defeats on the besieged. For, owing to the breech-loading rifles, and the increased use made of the spade, it is now painfully clear that besiegers find as little difficulty in keeping the besieged from breaking out as the besieged find in preventing the besiegers from breaking in.

A SPEAKING FACT.—In response to a resolution of inquiry passed by the Senate, the President states that the cost of military protection and service on the overland route to California, from 1848, the date of the annexation of California, to 1864, the date of the completion of the Pacific railroad, was not less than one hundred millions of dollars. This is upwards of six millions a year. The Pacific railroad for the most part protects the whole of the route, thus saving the Government of the United States nearly six millions a year. Besides this, the number of troops needed is less, and the Government can save the pay and subsistence for a considerable number of troops. Now add to this the amount which the road gains in difference of cost of transportation of mails and supplies and the amount saved to the United States can be hardly less than ten millions.

Can the United States afford to cripple such a servant by an arbitrary construction of law against the letter and intent of it?—*Chronicle.*

The once beautiful Bois de Boulogne of Paris is said now to be only a vast area of unsightly stumps of trees.

The Montana Agricultural and Emigrant Aid Association.

[From the Harrisburg (Pa.) Progress of Liberty.]

The above is the name of an organization recently formed in this State, with its headquarters at Philadelphia, and a sub-office in Montana. This organization comprises a portion of the leading representative colored men of the State; the most of whom assembled in Philadelphia not long since to hear a statement from Mr. J. Lambert Dutriuelle, from Montana, concerning the agricultural and mineral resources of that Territory, and the natural advantages of its beautiful and luxuriant valleys for founding a colony of industrious and enterprising colored people. Mr. Dutriuelle is a Pennsylvanian, and a native of Philadelphia. He went to Montana about two years ago, and returns, bringing with him letters of introduction and commendation from ex-Governor James H. Ashley; the present Territorial Executive, Gov. B. F. Potts; Gen. H. D. Washburne, Surveyor General; Capt. T. C. Bailey, and the concurrent indorsement of other prominent citizens of Montana, with several favorable notices by the press.

His statement was listened to with the deepest concern by all present, and the meeting adjourned leaving the matter over for consideration at a subsequent meeting, after an examination into the facts could be had. The subsequent meeting was held, the subject fully ventilated, resulting in an organization of which the heading of this article is the style and title. The officers are elective annually, and are to consist of a president, four vice presidents, corresponding and general secretary, treasurer, general agent, general superintendent, and a board of directors—Jay Cooke, Esq., being one of the trustees, and also financial agent of the Northern Pacific railroad, a corporation largely interested in the settlement of Montana. Messrs. W. Howard Day, O. L. C. Hughes, and J. Lambert Dutriuelle were appointed to interview him on the subject, to ascertain what encouragement could be obtained for the proposed project of the association. The committee called on Mr. Cooke—the arrangement having been concluded—and were introduced by Mr. Joseph C. Bustill, the general secretary. The interview lasted for some time, and was very pleasant and satisfactory. The whole subject was discussed and the committee highly encouraged.

The object of the association is to establish, or rather to commence, a settlement of industrious and enterprising colored people in Montana. The plan is to obtain a tract of land and to furnish so many acres to the first settlers free of cost, and to assist in the way of transportation, at cheap rates, all who desire to go there and settle on the land of the association. This movement is a practical one; and the fact that it is an attempt at an organized effort to assist the colored people to become independent land owners and tillers of the soil must commend it favorably in a high degree to every well-thinking mind. The Western Territories, and especially Montana, presents an invaluable field for the enterprise of the industrious mechanic, capitalist, or laborer; and it will not be long before the whole Territory will be lighted up and made cheerful with thriving and enterprising towns and villages. The present population of Montana Territory is reported at 20,576, exclusive of about 18,000 Indians living in tribes. The whites number 17,982 and the Chinese 1,986. These are distributed among ten towns, and are scattered pretty generally over the Territory.

All the reports we get from Montana combine to prove that throughout its length and breadth are valleys unsurpassed for richness and fertility, whilst the hills and mountains teem with gold, iron, and copper mines. The construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad, now projected to pass through the fairest portion of Montana, will open up the beauties of this region, to rapid settlement, and the richness of the soil, the supply of timber, hills of ore and coal mines, and vast plains alike favorable to the production of all kinds of grain and other commodities, will make the Northwest appear as the Paradise of the world. The company expect to have it start some time during the month of April. For further information apply to any of the following officers:

President—William Nesbit, Altoona, Pa. Vice Presidents—D. B. Bowser, Philadelphia, Pa.; Prof. Wm. Howard Day, Wilmington, Del.; B. F. Pulpress, Allegheny City, Pa.; Dr. Henry Hiland Garnett, New York. Corresponding Secretary, Wm. H. Dorsey, Philadelphia; General Secretary, Jos. C. Bustill, 403 South Sixth street, Philadelphia; O. L. C. Hughes, General Agent, P. O. Box 246, Harrisburg, Pa.; J. Lambert Dutriuelle, General Superintendent, Montana; or to any of the following Directors: Prof. S. A. Neal, Allegheny City, Pa.; Cassius M. Brown, Harrisburg, Pa.; David M. Robinson, Harrisburg, Pa.; Jos. B. Popel, Harrisburg, Pa.; Moses Anderson, Green Castle, Pa.; Aaron Batson, Seaford, Del.; P. Spencer Williams, Wilmington, Delaware.

What Two Colored Men Have Done.

In the daily dreary records of famine and slaughter we seize upon any novel story of cordial human sympathy or feeling as we would on a chance bit of Christmas green growing in the snow wastes without. One such pathetic hint comes to us in our English exchanges in the account of the career of a young colored man known since the war to the suffering French peasantry as *le bon docteur noir.* The London *Lancet* says: "Dr. Davis was a student of St. Batholomew's Hospital, and a graduate of Aberdeen. Both University and Hospital were proud of him. He resigned a house-physiciancy at the latter institution in October last, and, armed with funds furnished him by his friends, devoted himself gratuitously, with remarkable skill and energy, to the care of the sick and wounded near Sedan, and to the establishment of soup kitchens, which have given food and life to hundreds of starving peasants. He overtasked his strength and fell a victim to his work. He lies buried in a quiet nook at *Fond de Givonne.*" Simultaneously with this story comes an account of the opening of a new high school in Philadelphia, to which was given the name of a colored citizen eminent for liberality and devotion to the cause of education. In the address on the occasion, made by this gentleman (Mr. James Forten,) we notice one statement, that "his family had resided for upwards of two hundred years in the same district of the city." We have all been so long used to look upon the colored man as the helpless, nameless, placeless member of the human family—the one who was to be borne with, lifted, fought for—that the sight of him steadily rooted, endowing colleges, giving with the old knightly temper the largest of his knowledge and his life to his weaker white brethren, affects us oddly and with a strange pleasure. It will give more than pleasure to our colored readers, for whom we record it, if it serve to remind them that with "fortune's wheel they go not up nor down, whose hoard is little, but whose hearts are great.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

NEWSPAPER CHANGE.—Prof. William Howard Day, of this city, and Cassius M. Brown, of Harrisburg, Pa., have purchased of O. L. C. Hughes the weekly paper published for two years past in Harrisburg, and called *The Progress of Liberty.* The paper will be devoted especially to the best interests of the colored people, and promises to support, with unwavering fidelity, the great Republican party, and trust it in the future as it has confided in it in the past. The paper will continue to be printed in Harrisburg, but branch offices are to be opened in Wilmington, Philadelphia, Camden, Trenton, and New York.

Cassius M. Brown will be business manager and Wm. Howard Day the editor-in-chief. Mr. Day is a practical printer, and has served with great success in an editorial capacity on both daily and weekly papers. He will continue to make this city his chief residence. The name of the paper will be changed to *Our National Progress,* and the first number under the new administration will be issued on the 2d of March.